Ganousaracherie

The Red Man's Friend

By W.G. Polack

BV
2813
.A1
P65
1920z
NMAI

GA NOUSARACHERIE THE RED MAN'S FRIEND

AND OTHER STORIES FROM THE MISSION FIELDS

BY

W. G. POLACK

ERNST KAUFMANN INC. - NEW YORK

7-11 SPRUCE STREET

Printed in Germany

Ensslin & Laiblin - Reutlingen

Ganousaracherie — The Red Man's Friend

I

Our Country's voice is pleading
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil,
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

When the whites came to our Western Hemisphere they found the land inhabited by people who did not know the true God, and although voices were raised in favor of mission work among them, there were relatively few who cared for the souls of the American Indians. Most of the early adventurers who explored this continent thought only of the Red Man's gold, and were ready to commit almost any act of injustice to obtain it.

The Roman Catholic monks were the first to pay any attention to the religious life of the Indian; but after the rise of Protestantism in Europe and the establishment of Protestant colonies on American soil, we also find Protestant ministers doing mission work in the interest of the American aborigines.

There was John Eliot, usually called the "Apostle to the American Indians," who labored in New England with considerable success.

His motto, "Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ will do anything," shows his fine zeal. He even succeeded in translating the Bible into one of the Indian tongues.

There was the Swedish Lutheran minister, John Campanius, who preached to the tribes along the Delaware and translated Luther's Small Catechism into their language.

There was Davis Brainerd whose activity extended over a wide territory, and though he died at an early age, yet by his self-sacrificing example he inspired others to follow in his footsteps.

The man, however, who outdid all these early missionaries to the Red Man, whose field extended from New England to Ohio and from New York to Canada, and whose labors reached vastly greater proportions than those of any of his predecessors, was David Zeisberger.

The tales of the old heroes in the Indian wars, such as Daniel Boone, Anthony Wayne, George Rogers Clark, and General Custer have always been of special interest to our American youth; but in the life and labors of David Zeisberger we have the story of an Indian fighter who went after the redskins not with rifle and hunting knife, but with the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God, and conquered them not by force and strategem but by the power of Christian love.

David Zeisberger was born April 11, 1721, eleven years before George Washington, in the far-off town of Zauchtenthal, Moravia. His life, which was to be that of a pilgrim, soon showed this characteristic. When he was only five years old, his parents lost house and home. They had to flee from their native land because the Roman Catholic authorities persecuted them on account of their evangelical faith. With many others they found a place of refuge at Herrnhut, Saxony, on the estate of Count von Zinzendorf. In the Moravian colony at this place, David spent the next ten years of his life, and received his early education, excelling in the study of Latin and Greek.

Roman Catholic missionaries among the Indians

When his parents, in 1732, joined a group of Moravians in order to settle in the newly founded colony of Georgia, David was left behind to complete his education. It so happened that Count von Zinzendorf established another Moravian colony and school at Herrendyk in Holland, not far from Utrecht, and the fifteen-year-old David was sent there. The discipline of the colony was very severe, and one day, through no fault of his, he was accused of lying and stealing. Though innocent, the circumstantial evidence was too strong against him. He felt keenly the unjust treatment which he received, and finally decided to leave the colony, to run away. A young friend, John Michael Schober, went with him. They made their way to London and soon were on the ocean, America bound. Thus the hand of the Lord

was directing the footsteps of him who was to be His servant among the natives of this continent! David himself wrote afterwards: "From the day I left the brethren in Holland to the day of my arrival in Georgia, the Lord graciously preserved me from all harm, in body and in soul. I was in great danger of being seduced to gross wickedness; but the Lord held His hand over me. At the time I never realized this danger. Subsequently, however, it became plain to me, and I often thanked my Savior for His protection. Upon the whole, I see the finger of God in all that occurred; hence I can the more readily forgive the brethren in Holland the injustice which I suffered at their hands. Indeed I have forgiven them from my heart."

Herrnhut in Saxony

II

Go where the waves are breaking
Along the ocean shore,
Christ's precious Gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
Go to the woodman's dwelling,
Go to the prairie broad,
The wondrous story telling,
The mercy of our God.

Georgia was not to remain the home of David Zeisberger for long. The war which broke out between England and Spain in 1739 made itself felt on American soil also. The English colony in Georgia was in danger of attack by the Spaniards in Florida. So a number of the Moravians, among them David, traveled northward by ship and settled in Pennsylvania on land secured by their Bishop Nitzschmann. They established the city of Bethlehem on the Lehigh river. This city has since become one of the great steel centers of our country. It became the headquarters of the Moravian Church in the new world.

David Zeisberger's interest in the Indians was soon aroused. He decided to become a missionary among them. He visited them often and learned their customs and their languages. But apparently his plan was not to be carried out.

Count von Zinzendorf made a journey to America, and after visiting the Moravian settlements decided to take back with him to the old world a number of the more intelligent boys for education in the schools of Germany.

Zeisberger was to be one of them. So four years after his arrival in America we find him on board ship in New York harbor, ready to sail. It was with a heavy heart that he looked toward land, wishing he were with his Indian friends instead of on ship-board. Bishop Nitzschmann seemed to notice his dejection.

"What is the trouble?" he asked him.

"I'd rather go back to Bethlehem and become a missionary among the Indians."

"But you cannot be a missionary without study, and you do not care to study, otherwise you would not have run away from Herrendyk."

"What good does the study of Latin and Greek do, the Indians do not understand those languages."

"True, but if you cannot study those languages, how do you expect to learn the languages of the Indians?"

"Oh, but I know their language already. I learned to speak to the Iroquois and also the Delaware Indians. I can shoot with a bow, and ride a horse bare-back as well as any Indian."

Bishop Nitzschmann smiled at the last remark.

"Please do not laugh," David pleaded, "these things are necessary too, if one wishes to live among them and a true missionary must be able to do that. I have accustomed myself to sleep under the open sky in midwinter wrapped in a buffalo skin, and have endured cold and heat, and hunger and thirst with them. I have deep pity for the Indians and desire nothing more than to work among them as a missionary of the Gospel."

The young man's plea did not fall on deaf ears. Bishop Nitzschmann kindly allowed him to leave the ship and return to Bethlehem.

The next few years were spent in preparation for his life-work under John Christopher Pylaeus, who directed a mission school at Bethlehem.

In 1745 David was sent with Missionary Frederick Post to learn the language of the Mohawks. Trouble was brewing at the time between the English and the French. David and his companion were taken captive by the English under the suspicion that they were spies trying to turn the Indians against the English. They were first brought to Albany and afterwards placed in jail in New York. Their trial was held before Governor Clinton. One of Zeisberger's biographers gives this account of the proceedings:

"Zeisberger was examined first and alone. After several preliminary questions with regard to his birthplace and arrival in America, the examination continued as follows:

David Brainerd and a Guide

"How long have you been in this government?"

"Since last New Year's Day, when we passed through here."

"How far up did you go into the country?"

"As far as Canajoharie."

"Who sent you thither?"

"Our church."

"What church is that?"

"The Protestant Church of the United Brethren." (So the Moravians called themselves.)

"Do you all do what she commands you?"

"With our whole heart."

"But if she should command you to hang yourselves, or to go among the Indians and stir them up against the white people, would you obey in this?"

"No, I can assure your Excellency and the whole Council that our church never had any such designs."

"What did she command you to do among the Indians?"

"To learn their language."

"Can you learn the language so soon?"

"I had already learned somewhat of it in Pennsylvania, and I went up to improve myself."

"What use will you make of this language? What is your design when you have perfected yourself in it? You must certainly have a reason for learning it?"

"We hope to get liberty to preach among the Indians the Gospel of our crucified Savior, and to declare to them what we have personally experienced of His grace in our hearts."

"Did you preach while you were among them now?"

"No, I had no design to preach, but only to learn the language."

"Were you not at William's Fort? Why did you not stay there?"

"We were there, but finding no Indians, as they had all gone hunting, we went farther."

"But their wives and children were at home; you could have learned of them."

"That was not proper for me, being a single man."

"You will give an account to your church, when you come home, of the condition and the land?"

"I will. Why should I not? But we do not concern ourselves about that land; we have land enough of our own—we do not need that."

"You observed how many cannon are in the fort, how many soldiers and Indians in the castle and how many at Canajoharie?"

"I was not so much as within the fort, and I did not think it worth while to count the soldiers or the Indians."

"Whom do you acknowledge for your king?"

"King George of England."

"But when you go up among the French Indians, who is your king there?"

"I never yet had any mind to go thither."

Count L. v. Zinzendorf. Patron and Leader of the Moravians

Painting by Kupetzky

“Will you and your companions swear to be faithful subjects of King George, acknowledge him as your sovereign; and abjure the Pope and his adherents?”

“We own ourselves to be King George’s faithful subjects; we acknowledge him as our sovereign; we can truly certify that we have no connection at all with the Pope and his adherents, and no one who knows anything of us can lay this to our charge. With regard to

the oath, however, I beg leave to say that we are not inhabitants of this government, but travelers, and hope to enjoy the same privilege, which is granted in other English Colonies, of traveling unmolested without taking the oath."

"You design to teach the Indians, and we must have the assurance that you will not teach them disaffection to the king."

"But we have come at this time with no design to teach."

"Our laws require that all travelers in this government shall swear allegiance to the King, and have a licence from the governor."

"I never before heard of such a law in any country or kingdom of the world."

"Will you or will you not take the oath?"

"I will not." (The Moravians are on principle opposed to taking oaths.)

Having put some other unimportant questions, the Council dismissed Zeisberger and examined Post. Then Zeisberger was recalled and the secretary read to him the new act against the Moravians.

"Do you understand this?" he continued.

"Most of it, but not all," replied Zeisberger.

"Will you take the oath now?"

"I hope the honorable Council will not force me to do it."

"We will not constrain you; you may let it alone if it is against your conscience; but you will have to go to prison again."

"I am content."

Zeisberger's request to be informed of the crime laid to his charge was met with the sententious remark, that it would be too late to take measures against a crime after it had been committed. "We must prevent the mischief," said the far-sighted counselor, "before it is brought about."

In spite of the intercession of influential friends, the two missionaries had to spend seven weeks in jail before they received their freedom.

"We count it great honor to suffer for the Savior's sake, although the world cannot understand this," wrote Zeisberger.

III

The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey!

Not long after this Zeisberger was privileged to take part in an interesting journey among the Indians in the company of Bishop Spangenberg. The Indian mission established at Shekomoko, New York, had to be transferred to the Wyoming valley; but this could not be done without permission of the grand council of the Iroquois which met at their capital, Onandaga, on the southern shore of Lake Oneida. Spangenberg and Zeisberger undertook to obtain this privilege and to renew the treaty which Zinzendorf had made with the Sachems of the Six Nations several years before.

Several memorable things occurred on this trip. One was that Zeisberger was formally adopted into the tribe of the Onandagas, the clan of the turtle, and given the name Ganousaracherie. Another was his experience when the party one evening, tired and famished for want of food, camped on the shore of a brook. Spangenberg told Zeisberger:

"Take your net and try for a catch of fish."

"I'd gladly do that," replied the young man, "if there were any chance to catch some; but the fishing is not good at this season of the year."

Spangenberg replied: "If I ask you to fish, do it at least in obedience to me."

"Well, I'll do it," answered David, thinking in his heart that the good bishop might know much theology, but knew nothing about catching fish. So he cast his net into the water, and to his surprise drew it in shortly afterwards—full of fish!

The hungry travelers thus received ample food for their needs, and David learned the lesson that a missionary must obey the command of Christ and throw out the net of the Gospel, even if the prospects for success are not promising. It is God who gives the increase according to His good pleasure.

After several years of service as assistant to older missionaries, Zeisberger was finally ordained to the ministry on Feb. 16, 1749.

Now he left the habitations of the whites and penetrated the forest primeval in order to live among the Indians at Onandaga. He took part in their work, could shoot as quickly and as surely as they, and swing an axe and paddle a canoe with the best of them. He provided for his own living, by hunting and gardening, never accepting pay for his services. He taught the Indians many profitable things, furnished them with medicines and carefully nursed them when they were ill. Thus in the course of time he won their full confidence and love, and thus prepared the way for his message, the Gospel of Christ!

Then came the French and Indian War. After Braddock's defeat near Ft. Duquesne, the French allowed their allied Indians to ravage and plunder Pennsylvania. Zeisberger who had been forced to leave Onandaga was serving the mission station at Gnadenhuetten (Tents of Grace) not many miles from Bethlehem. Near Gnadenhuetten stood the mission-house on the Mahony. The savage Indians had sworn to destroy it.

It was the twenty-fourth of November 1755. Zeisberger was on his way from Bethlehem on an important errand. He had been warned not to go to Mahony, but he did not believe that danger was imminent. However, before he reached his destination he heard shots and saw fire in the direction of Mahony and two missionaries who had succeeded in escaping met him with the sad news that the mission-house had been burned down, and seven missionaries, two women, and a child had just been massacred, and one woman had been dragged into captivity.

While the war lasted the mission work was hampered in many ways. The Christian Indians, who wished to remain neutral, were de-

The attack on the Mahony

fenseless before the heathen savages. Therefore they were gathered together by the missionaries and given permission to settle temporarily near the white settlements. Such a camp was established not far from Philadelphia where missionaries Zeisberger and Schmick were in charge. Sickness broke out. Fifty-six Indians died of fever and smallpox, but the kind ministrations of the missionaries helped the refugees through these trying times.

The following letter addressed to the governor of Pennsylvania, some time after the treaty was signed that put an end to the dreadful war, shows their appreciation for the protection given them and the kindnesses shown them:

"We, the Christian Indians, now residing in the barracks and intending to return with our wives and children unto our own country, approach unto you to take our leave, and to return unto you our most sincere thanks. We acknowledge with unfeigned gratitude, the great kindness and friendship you have shown unto us during the late war. We were indeed in danger of our lives, but you protected and defended us against our enemies, so that we have lived in peace. As a father, you have provided for us with food and raiment—you have nursed us in sickness, and buried our dead; we have likewise heard, with joy, that you will in future give us flour until our corn is ripe. We thank you more particularly, that we have been allowed to have our teachers with us during these heavy trials, who have instructed us daily in the Word of God. They have shown us the way of salvation, so that we are now become acquainted with our Creator, and can love all men. We therefore greatly rejoice that our teachers, Schmick and Zeisberger, go with us into the Indian country, that they may continue to instruct us in the doctrine of salvation. Your kindness, protection, and benevolence will never be forgotten by us—we shall bear your goodness in our hearts; we shall speak of it to the other Indians—as long as we live we shall remain true friends to the English. We also beg permission to request of you, to give us powder and shot, that we may provide food on our journey. Finally, we pray that God may bless you! We, the underwritten, do this in the name of all our people, remaining your faithful friends.

John Papunhank. Joshua Anthony. Shem Evans."

It had been agreed that the Christian Indians should now seek a new home far from the whites where they might live and work in peace and quietness. Zeisberger placed himself at their head and the march westward began. Missionary Schmick accompanied him.

In Ambush

Like a second Moses, Zeisberger led his people as through a wilderness. The way had to be cut through the forests. The aged, children, and the sick were conveyed in small carts. Camp was carefully made every evening. Divine services were regularly conducted by the missionaries. Famine threatened them several times. Forest fires endangered their lives. But through it all the kind hand of a Heavenly Father protected them. At last they came to their destination on the Susquehanna river where they built the town "Friedenshuetten" (Tents of Peace).

Land was cleared, cottages and a little church erected, and gardens were prepared. A Christian Indian town it became, one

that aroused favorable comment far and wide among white men as well as red. The Indians came as visitors from all sides, and many were attracted to Christianity by what they saw. One writer describes the missionary activity that radiated forth from Friedenshuetten in these words:

"This feature of the mission is apt to be overlooked. Statistical tables are counted the law of success. But however correct this may in general be, success was conditioned, in the case of the aborigines of our country, not alone by the number actually added to the Church through Baptism. The impression made upon the individuals who never built themselves lodges in Christian villages; the impulse which visiting warriors received to aims higher and holier than those of barbarism; above all, the ray of light from the Cross streaming into their souls as they sat in some forest sanctuary, or stood in the shade of a tree beneath which a traveling missionary had stopped to proclaim Christ—a light, perhaps, never quenched, but, intensified through the Spirit of God, showing grace, forgiveness, and heaven—this, too, must be taken into account. Many a death-bed, at which no evangelist ever prayed, may thus have been cheered by the presence of the Christian's hope; many a wigwam, never visited by a messenger of peace, may thus have become a home of peace."

The town is thus described: "Friedenshuetten continued to prosper, until it grew to be a settlement that excited the admiration of every visitor, and that we even of today must look upon as a wonderful instance of the civilizing power of the mission. It embraced twenty-nine log houses, with windows and chimneys, like the homesteads of the settlers, and thirteen huts, forming one street, in the center of which stood the chapel, thirty-two by twenty-four feet, roofed with shingles, and having a school house as its wing. Immediately opposite, on the left side of the street, was the mission house. Each lot had a front of thirty-two feet, and between each two lots was an alley ten feet wide. Back of the houses were the gardens and orchards, stocked with vegetables and fruit-trees. The entire town was surrounded by a post and rail

fence, and kept scrupulously clean. In summer a party of women passed through the street and alleys, sweeping them with wooden brooms, and removing the rubbish. Stretching down to the river lay two hundred and fifty acres of plantations and meadows, with two miles of fences; and moored to the bank was found a canoe for each household of the community. The converts had large herds of cattle and hogs, and poultry of every kind in abundance. They devoted more time to tilling the ground than to hunting, and raised plentiful crops. Their trade was considerable in corn, maple-sugar, butter, and pork, which they sold to the Indians, as also in canoes, made of white pine, and bought by the settlers living along the Susquehanna, some of them as far as one hundred miles below Friedenshuetten. The population had increased, from the remnant that left the Philadelphia barracks, to one hundred and fifty souls."

IV

Lord, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share
And this Thy grace must give.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

After about two years of blessed labor at Friedenshuetten, a new field for mission endeavor was opened up for Ganousaracherie. He writes: "Intelligence having reached us, although in a very unreliable form, that there were Indians living on the Alleghany river who desired to hear the Gospel, and the brethren having, as yet, no knowledge of that country, the Mission Board resolved upon

an exploratory journey, in order to ascertain whether anything could there be accomplished for the Savior."

This journey brought him to the headwaters of the Alleghany in Potter County. When he appeared at the Seneca villages his reception was not very cordial at first. The following conversation took place between him and the chief:

"Whither is the pale face going?" was the first question with which the old chief broke the silence, and sat down beside his guest.

"To Goschgoschuenk, to visit the Indians," answered Zeisberger.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that is all."

"Why does the pale face come so unknown a road? This is no road for white people, and no white man has ever come this trail before."

"Seneca," replied Zeisberger, "the business that calls me among the Indians is entirely different from that of other white people, and hence the roads I travel are different, too. I do not come to trade or barter; I do not undertake journeys for the sake of gain; I am here in order to bring the Indians good and great words."

"What words are these? I want to hear them."

"The words of life!" responded Zeisberger with kindling eye. "I teach the Indians to believe in God, and by believing to be saved. Are not these good words?"

"No!" fiercely exclaimed the chief. "No, they are not good words for the Indians!"

"My friend, answer me, are the Indians not human beings? Are they not to be saved? But how can they be saved unless they hear of their Savior?"

"The Indians are as much human beings as you pale faces, but God created them for other ends than you. He gave them hunting grounds; the game of the forest is theirs. Of the Bible they know nothing. God did not give them that; nor can they understand it. He gave the Bible to the whites; and yet what does it help even

these? See how many of them live in wickedness? Explain this to me. In what respect are the whites, with their Bible, better than the Indians without it?"

This conversation was kept up for more than two hours, the chief assailing the Christian religion, and Zeisberger preaching its divine Author. "Behold," he said in conclusion, "there are the words which I come to tell the Indians. You say they are created in order to roam through the forest and run after bears and deer. O no, my friend! They are made for higher purposes. Believe me, it is God's will that they, too, should be saved."

"By what name is the pale face known?" asked the chief after a time.

"I am Ganousaracherie," answered Zeisberger.

No sooner had Zeisberger mentioned his Indian name than the whole attitude of the old chief was changed. "I thought my brother was sent to spy out the land of the Senecas. Had I known his name he would have been most welcome." And now the chief warned Zeisberger against the Indians at Goschgoschuenk. "The Indians at Goschgoschuenk," he said, "bear a very bad character; they use the worst kind of sorcery, and will not hesitate to murder you." Zeisberger answered: "No harm can befall me if my God in whom I believe, does not permit it. Are the Indians at Goschgoschuenk very wicked? That is just the reason why I ought to go and preach to them."

He traveled on and reached Goschgoschuenk, which lay on the eastern bank of the Alleghany near the mouth of Tionesta creek in Venango county. As there were other villages along the river, he called a general meeting in the great council house, and spake to Indians about his plans:

"My friends, we have come to bring you great words and glad tidings,—words from our God and your God, tidings from our Redeemer and your Redeemer. We have come to tell you that you will be happy if you will believe in Jesus Christ, who shed his blood and gave his life for you. These great words and glad tidings we have presented to your friends at Friedensshuetten. They have received them; they are happy; they thank the Savior that he has brought them from darkness into light. Now we bear to you the peace of God. The time is here; the visitation of God your Creator, who as man died for you. You are not any longer to live in darkness without Him; you are to learn to know him, whom to know is life and peace. Say not in your hearts, these doctrines are not for us; we are not made to receive them. I tell you Jesus Christ died for me, for you, and for all men. You, too, are called, and called to life eternal."

His words had their effect. After visiting other tribes, it was agreed to establish a mission among them. From there some time later another mission was opened in Lawrence County, not far from the present city of Newcastle, to which Zeisberger brought a number

An Indian chief who became a missionary

of Christian Indians. The chief Pakanke welcomed them, but when he learned that his chief councillor, Glickkikan had become a Christian convert he was rather disappointed.

“On the arrival of these Christian Indians, the neighboring Indians were astonished to see people of their own nation, differing so much in their manners and behavior from themselves, and to

hear a doctrine preached, they never before had heard. The chief came from Kushkushke to welcome them; but the scene was soon changed, when he saw that his first councillor, Glickkikan, left him and joined the Christian Indians. Indeed, the loss of this man was considered a partial loss to the whole nation.

“While Pakanke, the chief, and Glickkikan were contending together on the propriety of such conduct, a black belt of wampum, which had been brought on from the great Council at Geckelemukpechink (in English, Still Water) was laid before the chief, containing the following advice and notice; namely, “that in consideration of an epidemical disease, which had raged among them for some time, carrying off great numbers of Delawares and believed to have been brought on them by the power of witchcraft, some of the councillors were of the opinion, that by embracing Christianity the contagion would cease. That therefore they were unanimous, that this remedy should be resorted to; and that they hereby declared, that the Word of God should be received by them; and further, that whoever should oppose the measure ought to be considered an enemy of the nation.

“This resolute and sincere message, so favorable to the cause of the Brethren, silenced their adversaries; and was in a great measure, the cause of the prosperity of the Brethren’s mission from that time forward. A misunderstanding, from a belief that the Christian Indians were averse to contribute to the support of the affairs of the nation, being also removed by their declaring ‘that, though they never intended to interfere in state affairs nor with wars, yet they would always be willing to bear their share of the public burden for peace measures; and, in fact, toward all measures resorted to, and adopted for the welfare of the nation—provided such measures had no tendency to molest either the white people or any of the Indian nations.’ They openly declared: ‘That the brethren should not only be tolerated throughout the nation, but be at liberty to preach the Gospel wherever they pleased, but should likewise be considered as adopted into their family.’”

An Indian Camp

The camp soon became a Christian Indian town, Friedenstadt (City of Peace). From there Zeisberger in 1771 traveled to Geckelmukenkpechuenk, the capital of the Delaware nation in the valley of the Tuscarawas, where Netawatives, their chief, lived. On this occasion the Council of the Delawares urgently invited the missionary to work among them. When Zeisberger reported to his board it was decided that the Indian mission in Pennsylvania should be removed to the wilds of Ohio, far away from white habitations. There was still considerable enmity between the Indians and whites, and it was hoped that this removal would minimize it to a large extent.

Then followed the transfer of Zeisberger's headquarters to the Tuscarawas valley in Ohio, where the mission reached its highest pinnacle of success. The flourishing towns of Schoenbrunn (Beautiful Well), Gnadenhuetten, Lichtenau, and Salem were built.

We obtain an idea of the manner in which these Indian villages were governed from the following regulations adopted for Schoenbrunn:

"Statutes agreed upon by the Christian Indians, at Languntoutenuenk and Welhik-Tuppeek, in the month of August, 1771."

I. We will know no other God but the one only true God, who made us and all creatures, and came into this world in order to save sinners; to Him only we will pray.

II. We will rest from work on the Lord's Day, and attend public service.

III. We will honor father and mother, and when they grow old and needy we will do for them what we can.

IV. No person shall get leave to dwell with us until our teachers have given their consent, and the helpers (native assistants) have examined him.

V. We will have nothing to do with thieves, murderers, whore-mongers, adulterers, or drunkards.

VI. We will not take part in dances, sacrifices, heathenish festivals, or games.

VII. We will use no tshapiet, or witchcraft in hunting.

VIII. We renounce and abhor all tricks, lies, and deceits of Satan.

IX. We will be obedient to our teachers and to the helpers who are appointed to preserve order in our meetings, in the town and fields.

X. We will not be idle, nor scold, nor beat one another, nor tell lies.

XI. Whoever injures the property of his neighbor shall make restitution.

XII. A man shall have but one wife—shall love her and provide for her and his children. A woman shall have but one husband, be obedient to him, care for her children, and be cleanly in all things.

XIII. We will not admit rum or any intoxicating liquor into our towns. If strangers or traders bring intoxicating liquor, the helpers

shall take it from them and not restore it until the owners are ready to leave the place.

XIV. No one shall contract debts with traders, nor receive goods to sell for traders, unless the helpers give their consent.

XV. Whoever goes hunting, or on a journey, shall inform the ministers or stewards.

XVI. Young persons shall not marry without the consent of their parents and the minister.

XVII. Whenever the stewards or helpers appoint a time to make fences or to perform other work for the public good, we will assist and do as we are told.

XVIII. Whenever corn is needed to entertain strangers, or sugar for love-feasts, we will freely contribute from our stores.

XIX. We will not go to war, and will not buy anything of warriors taken in war."

"The chapel at Schoenbrunn had a seating capacity of five hundred and yet at times it was too small to accommodate the crowds who came from far and near to hear the Word of God. The fame of these Christian Indian villages went through all the Northwest. Nothing like it had ever been seen. The mission was a Christian democracy, making its own laws and governed by officers of its own choice. The Indians were gradually being weaned away from the ways of savage life and were adopting Christian civilization. They depended less and less on hunting, fishing, and the natural products of the forest for a living, and turned more and more to agriculture. Col. George Morgan, the Indian agent, stated that he was astonished at what he had seen in our towns. That the improvements of the Indians bespoke their industry: and that the cleanliness, order, and regularity which were everywhere observable, added to their devotion, gave them a claim to be ranked among the civilized part of mankind. That they deserved to be set up as an example to many of the whites. That to him it was now evidence that the Indians, when living by themselves and out of connection with the white people, could easily be brought to a state of civilization and become good citizens of the United

States; and that he considered our mode the surest, if not the only successful method of training converts who had been brought from paganism, idleness, and debauchery to a state of Christianity."

Then came the American War of Independence—a storm that was to bring sorrow and destruction in its wake for Zeisberger and his Christian Indians. With the western headquarters of the Colonial forces at Ft. Pitt and those of the British at Detroit, the Christian Indians, who tried to remain neutral, were between two fires. Both sides feared the Indians were assisting their foes, especially since Zeisberger and his co-workers used their influence to keep the heathen Indians neutral also. Finally the English commandant at Detroit sent Zeisberger a letter demanding that he arm his Indians, and attack the American forces. The missionary threw the letter into the fire. When all threats and wiles failed, the English decided to force Zeisberger and his Indians out of the land. They first tried to persuade the Iroquois Indians to do this for them. They refused. Then the Chippewas and Ottawas were approached, who also said, No! At last the savage Hurons were won over for the evil work. A band of three hundred warriors, led by an English agent, attacked the Christian Indian towns, plundered them, burned down the houses, and forced the missionaries and their people to travel across the state and to settle at the mouth of the Sandusky River on the shores of Lake Erie.

It was a desolate country compared to the fruitful valley where they had lived. Soon they were face to face with starvation. A number of the Indians decided to go back to their former settlements on the Tuscarawas to see if they could find some corn to harvest of that which had been planted before they were forced to leave there. They found some; but the story of what happened afterwards is best told by Heckewelder, one of Zeisberger's helpers:

"On the day our Indians were binding up their packs, intending to set off on the next morning, a party, of between one and two hundred white people, from the Ohio settlements, made their appearance at Gnadenhuetten. They had already, when within a mile of the place, met with Joseph Shabosh, son of our brother

A Powpow or Medicine Man

Shabosh, (while he was catching the horses) and murdered him in a most cruel manner, notwithstanding his telling them who he was, and that he was a white man's son, and begging them to spare his life. Jacob, brother-in-law to young Shabosh, whilst tying up

his corn sacks, on the bank, at the sweathouse, and about one hundred and fifty yards from the town, and thirty from the river, was the first person who saw the party coming on, between himself and the river, and so near him that (as he expressed himself) he might have seen the black in their eyes, had they looked in the direction where he was standing. He even knew some of the men of the party, to be the same, who had taken the Christian Indians from Schoenbrunn in the last Fall, and among whom both he and young Shabosh were, and believing the good Captain Biggs to be again among them, he was about to hail them, when to his astonishment, they at that instant shot at one of the brethren who was just crossing the river in a canoe, to go to the cornfield, and who dropped down at the shot, Jacob supposed him to be killed. Seeing this act of theirs, he fled precipitately, and before they had turned their faces the way he was, he was out of sight. Jacob might have been the means of saving many lives, especially at Salem, where his old father was; but not having the presence of mind, he ran several miles the contrary way, and hid himself for a day and a night."

The murdering party, seeing most of the Indians scattered over the corn field at work, (or preparing for the journey) hailed them, as their "friends and brothers, who had purposely come out to relieve them, from the distress brought on them by the enemy, on account of their being friends to the American people." The Christian Indians, not in the least doubting their sincerity, walked up to them, and thanked them, for being so kind, while the whites again gave assurances that they would meet with good treatment from them. They then advised them to discontinue their work, and cross over to the town, in order to make the necessary arrangements for the journey, as they intended taking them out of the reach of their enemies, and where they would be supplied abundantly with all they stood in need of: all which was pleasing to them to hear. Meanwhile a national assistant, John Martin, went to Salem to inform the brethren there of what had taken place at Gnadenhuetten, then the account goes on to say (Schuh):

“The language of the white people, being the same at Salem as at Gnadenhuetten, the brethren and sisters were easily persuaded to go with them; especially as many of them professed to be very religious, admiring their fine and spacious place of worship, and discoursing constantly on religion, both here and on the way to Gnadenhuetten; frequently saying to the Indians: ‘You are indeed good Christians!’ and made use of the same language to one another in their hearing. Some of them, on leaving Salem, set fire to the houses and the church, which was disapproved by our Indians; they, however, pretended that they meant no harm, but had merely done it to deprive the enemy of a harboring place.

“Arriving at the river bank opposite Gnadenhuetten their eyes began to open; but it was now too late. They discovered a spot in the sand, where to appearance, a wounded Indian had been weltering in his blood, and near this, marks of blood on the canoe. Poor creatures! being disarmed, as they, with those at Gnadenhuetten, had freely given up their guns, axes, and knives to those who had solemnly promised, that on their arrival at Pittsburg, all should be returned to them again. But had they even been in possession of their arms, they could not conscientiously and probably would not have attempted to resort to these in their defence. Being taken over to the town, O how the prospect was changed! The language now used was the reverse of what it had been at Salem, and on the road hither. The Gnadenhuetten brethren, sisters and children, were already confined for the purpose of being put to death. They were no longer called Christians as before, but warriors!—the same language was also used with the Salem Indians,—all were declared enemies and warriors, and all they could offer in their defence was of no avail. They were further told: ‘that the horses found with them, had been stolen from white people, they being branded with letters, with which Indians were unacquainted; that the axes found with them, had the names of white people stamped upon them. Pewter basins and spoons were stolen property; the Indians were making use of wooden bowls and spoons. Tea-kettles, pots, cups, and saucers, were also declared stolen property. In short

everything they possessed was said to have been taken from the white whilst at war with them; and to this they would swear.

"How must these poor creatures have felt, knowing their innocence! They could have given a satisfactory account of every article found in their possession, where, and from what trader or mechanic they had purchased it. As for the branding irons, it was common among them, to get these made by the smiths, with the initials of their names, to enable them to know the horses and colts belonging to each other. But, many of these accusers knew well, that the Christian Indians were becoming an agricultural people—were making use of the plough, raised large crops, and lived chiefly by the produce of the field and the cattle they raised...

"Finding that all entreaties to save their lives were to no purpose—and that some, more bloodthirsty than their comrades, were anxious to begin upon them, they united in begging a short delay, that they might prepare themselves for death—which request at length was granted them. Then asking pardon for whatever offence they had given, or grief they had occasioned to each other, they kneeled down, offering fervent prayers to God their Savior—and kissing one another, under a flood of tears fully resigned to His will, they sang praises unto Him in the joyful hope, that they would soon be relieved from all pains, and join their Redeemer in everlasting bliss.

"During the time of their devotion the murderers were consulting on the manner in which they would be put to death. Some were for setting fire to the houses they were in, and burning them alive. Others wanted to take their scalps home with them, as a signal of victory; while others remonstrated against either of these plans, declaring that they never would be guilty of murdering a people whose innocence was so satisfactorily evinced, and these proposed to set them at liberty, or, if they would not do that, at least to take them as prisoners, and deliver them up to the proper authority, but finding that they could not prevail on these monsters to spare their lives, they wrung their hands—calling God to witness that

David Zeisberger preaching to the Indians

they were innocent of the blood of these harmless Christian Indians, they withdrew to some distance from the scene of slaughter.

“The murderers, impatient to make a beginning, came again to them, while they were singing, and inquiring whether they were now ready for dying, they answered in the affirmative; adding, that ‘they had commended their immortal souls to God, who had given them the assurance in their hearts that he would receive their souls.’ One of the party now taking up a cooper’s mallet, which lay in the house (the owner being a cooper) saying ‘how exactly this will answer for the business,’ he began with Abraham, and continued knocking down one after the other, until he had counted fourteen, that he had killed with his own hands. He now handed the instrument to one of his fellow murderers, saying, ‘My arm fails

me! go on in the same way! I think I have done pretty well.' In another house, where mostly men and women and children were confined, Judith, a remarkably pious aged widow, was the first victim. After they had finished the horrid deed, they retreated a small distance from the slaughterhouses, but after a while returning again to view the dead bodies, and finding one of them, (Abel), although scalped and mangled, attempting to raise himself from the floor, they renewed their blows upon him that he never rose again; then having set fire to the houses they went off shouting and yelling, on having been so victorious.

"The number of Christian Indians murdered by these miscreants exceeded ninety; all of whom except four, were killed in the slaughter houses . . .

"Of the above number sixty-two were grown persons, one-third of them women, the remaining thirty-four were children . . .

"Two youths, each of them about fourteen or fifteen years of age, who were shut up with the rest in the houses where the murders were committed, most miraculously escaped. The one (Thomas) thrown in the house where most of the men were, was knocked down and scalped with the rest; but after a while recovering, and looking around, he saw Abel, also scalped and with blood running down his face, supporting himself with his hands against the floor in order to rise. With great presence of mind he quickly laid himself down again, as if he was dead, thinking that perhaps some of the murderers might return again, to examine if all were really dead; scarcely had he lain a minute or two, when several men did come, who seeing Abel in this situation chopped his head with their hatchets, to prevent his rising again, and having done this, they went off to inform their comrades of the circumstance, as the lad thought. Believing this the proper time for him to attempt an escape he crept over the dead bodies to the door, still keeping himself in a posture to be able to deceive them a second time, should they come again, when neither seeing or hearing anybody coming, and it beginning to be dusk, he quickly got out of the door and went to the back side of the house, where he hid himself until it was quite

dark, when he escaped, taking a course through the woods for the path leading to Sandusky."

It was a dastardly crime! Even the heathen Indians bitterly resented the action of these unscrupulous men. No wonder that many of them swore stern vengeance and that afterwards many cruel acts of reprisal were perpetrated.

One tribe sent word to the Christian Indians: "The day of vengeance is here. Come, cool your wrath against the murderers!" But they refused. They had learned: "Vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord."

But the cup of sorrows for Zeisberger was not yet full. His people had hardly become established on the Sandusky, when orders came from the British government at Detroit to move on. This time it was with the intention to protect the Christian Indians from any further acts of violence.

Once more they were on the march. The English gave them a dwelling place in the land of the Ojibways about 30 miles north of Detroit. Here they built the village of New Gnadenhuetten. But they were not happy. They longed for the old home on the Tuscarawas. When the treaty of peace between America and Great Britain had been signed, Congress set aside a tract of land for Zeisberger's people on the Muskingum river where they had formerly lived so happily.

However, they were not to enjoy this privilege very soon. The journey southward had been begun, but too late in the season, so they rested in the Cuyahogy valley where they founded the town of "Pilgerruh" (Pilgrim's Rest). Before they could proceed the next spring, war broke out between the United States and the Indians. They were warned not to go on. Nor could they remain where they were and be safe.

Now Zeisberger led his people northward into Canada, passed into Lake St. Clair to the mouth of the Thames River, and founded the town of Fairfield on land granted them by the English government.

At last, after "Mad Anthony" Wayne had won his decisive victory over the Indians and the treaty of Greenville was signed in 1796, the wanderers could return to their former home which they did in 1798. It was seventeen years after that terrible massacre. Zeisberger was 77 years old, but he valiantly led his people back, a journey that lasted 51 days. They found the bones of their murdered comrades still lying scattered on the ground and gave them a Christian burial. A new mission-station was built, the thirteenth during Zeisberger's activity. They called it Goshen. It was located near the place where New Philadelphia now stands.

Zeisberger was able to remain with his people ten years longer, but his powers were failing, and he longed for the eternal rest.

His work had been done. During all these years of service he had been engaged in literary work for his Indians also. He had prepared a Delaware grammar and spelling book, a Delaware hymn-book, a translation of a harmony of the Gospels in the same language, a German-Onandaga dictionary, an Onandaga grammar, and a book of sermons in the Delaware language.

He died after a brief illness Nov. 17, 1808. He was buried on the Goshen cemetery. His gravestone bears this inscription:

D a v i d Z e i s b e r g e r ,

who was born 11 April, 1721, in Moravia, and departed
this life 17 Nov., 1808, aged 87 years, 7 months, and
6 days. This faithful servant of the Lord labored among
the American Indians as Missionary during the last
60 years of his life.

His biographer, De Schweinitz, paid him this tribute:

"The traveler, descending Goshen Hill, who turns into this wayside cemetery, to read its tomb-stones, and finds Zeisberger's resting place, stands by the grave of a hero. While the chronicles

of America magnify the men who wielded the sword and were great in war, or swayed her councils and earned illustrious names under the dome of her capital, the church of God enshrines the memory of this humble missionary of the Cross, who for twelve more years than half a century, used the word of the Spirit, wrestled against principalities and powers of evil where spiritual wickedness reigned in high places, and fulfilled all the biblical conditions of heroism, watching, standing fast in the faith, quitting himself like a man, being strong. And when national annals shall belong to that past from which shall proceed no more influences, when statesmen and men of war shall be forgotten amid the glory of the saints, he shall be one of those who, having turned many to righteousness, shall shine 'as the stars forever and ever.'"

O what contentment fills the breast
Of wanderers through the desert plains,
If they have found a place to rest,
To quench their thirst and cure their pains!
How welcome is an humble bed,
Where they may rest their weary head,
To persons that are sick and sore!
Such hours of sweet repose soon fly,
But there remains a rest on high
Where we shall rest forevermore.

Yonder in joy the sheaves we bring,
Whose seed was sown on earth in tears;
There in our Father's house we sing
The song too sweet for mortal ears.
Sorrow and sighing all are past,
And pain and death are fled at last;
There with the Lamb of God we dwell,
He leads us to the crystal river,
He wipes away all tears forever;
What there is ours no tongue can tell.

The Three Helpmeets of Judson

By Paul Koenig

The name of Adoniram Judson is invariably linked with Burma, the land of Buddhism and heathenish superstition. The reason for this is that Burma was the parish of this consecrated missionary, who did more to bring the Bible to the benighted inhabitants of Burma than any other man. Born in Malden, Mass., in the year 1788, the son of a Congregationalist minister, Adoniram was a precocious boy, able to read at three and to solve difficult problems in arithmetic at ten. At sixteen he entered college, where he excelled in his studies. Through the influence of an unbelieving friend he cast his faith overboard and became a wayward youth. By God's wonderful grace he was recalled to faith in his Savior after spending a sleepless night in a room next to that of a dying man. That man, as Judson found out the following morning, was none other than his infidel friend, who had thus died in unbelief. He now entered the Andover Theological Seminary to prepare himself for the holy ministry. His missionary spirit having been awakened by the reading of an account of the life and labors of Christian Frederick Schwartz, the famous Lutheran missionary in India, he resolved to work in Burma among the benighted Buddhists of that land. Having removed numerous obstacles, he was finally able to sail for that far-off heathen country. Amid untold sacrifices and horrible experiences in a strange land, whose rulers were tyrants and hated Christianity, he labored for thirty-seven years as missionary to those people, trying to win thousands for the blessed Redeemer. The greatest

service rendered by Judson was his translation of the Bible into Burmese and the compiling of a grammar and a dictionary in that most difficult of languages, which made the work of future missionaries so much easier. He stuck to his post until his health simply demanded his leaving Burma. In the history of Christian missions he will ever stand out as one of the Christian Church's foremost heroes on account of his marvelous courage, his indefatigable zeal, his tireless perseverance, his self-sacrificing spirit, his faith in the promises of God, and his signal success. But he could never have accomplished what he did without the blessing of God and the faithful, unselfish, and devoted assistance of his three God-fearing helpmeets — Anne Hasseltine Judson, Sarah Boardman Judson, and Emily Chubbuck Judson. Let me introduce you to these three wonderful women.

I

Anne Hasseltine Judson

The First American Woman Missionary in Foreign Lands

On December 22, 1789, there was born to John and Rebecca Hasseltine of Bradford, Mass., a daughter whom they named Anne. According to her own testimony she grew up to be a worldly-minded girl, who had not learned to love the Gospel of Christ. At sixteen years of age she attended the academy at Bradford, joining her schoolmates in their dances and worldly amusements. But then a change came. Reading devotional literature, she began to pay attention to the needs of her soul, and the Holy Spirit wrought a sincere conviction of her sinful condition and kindled a childlike faith and trust in Jesus Christ.

And a true, devout, sincere Christian she became. Reading her diary, one marvels at the deep spiritual insight of this sixteen-year-old girl. She now joined the Congregational Church. This happy child of God, beautiful, full of life, yet thoroughly consecrated to

the service of Jesus, was barely twenty-one when she met the young theological student Judson. After prayerfully considering his proposal of marriage, she accepted him and was extremely happy not only in her love of Judson, but also in the prospect of bringing to others the blessings of the Gospel; for she was

Anne Hasseltine Judson

not kept in ignorance concerning his missionary plans and the dangers that would confront her and the hardships she would be called upon to share with her future husband in far-off Burma. These things were emphasized in a letter written by Adoniram to Anne on New Year's Day, 1812. Towards the end of that letter he writes: "One of us may be unable to sustain the heat of the climate and the change of habits, and the other may say with literal truth over the grave:

"By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned."

Reverend Adoniram Judson

But Anne was not afraid. Was not her Savior going with her into the mission-field? Hence she could say: —

I can be safe and free from care
On any shore since God is there.

And so she left home two weeks after her marriage in 1812, the first American woman missionary to foreign fields.

After a tedious journey, after many trying experiences in India, the Judsons finally arrived at Rangoon, the capital of Burma, July 13, 1813. It was one of the gloomiest days of their lives when Judson and Anne entered the filthy, uninviting town of some ten

thousand dark-skinned inhabitants whose language they could not understand. The way to their first place of residence led past the place of public execution and was near the public "dump," where among the refuse of the city lay human corpses in various stages of putrefaction. But the brave missionaries had come to stay, to win souls for Jesus. Their first task was to learn the language, then to write tracts and to translate the Bible. And with rare zeal and unrivaled enthusiasm they set to work. Mrs. Judson entered wholeheartedly into her husband's plans and was to him a source of great inspiration.

However, the rigors of the climate were too much for Anne. After some time she was compelled to journey to Madras for medical care. Soon after her return the Judson home was brightened by the arrival of little Roger William, the joy of his lonely parents. Eight short months his presence cheered their heart, then shadow followed sunshine, for little Roger fell victim to a fever and died May 4, 1816. It was a crushing blow, which for a moment threatened to break the parents' heart; but as children of God they found true consolation in His holy Word. When, soon after, Judson's health gave out and he was suffering from a disease of the eyes and a nervous disorder, Anne Judson again proved her worth. Her loving, tender care, her words of encouragement, strengthened and cheered him in the days of enforced idleness until he could resume his labors.

Additional trials were now in store for Mrs. Judson, but she acquitted herself like a true heroine. In 1817 Judson went to Chittagong in the interest of the mission. He intended to return in a short time. But due to storms and unfavorable weather and especially due to a prolonged and serious illness of Judson, many months elapsed without news from him. When finally Anne was informed that the ship on which her husband had left had never reached Chittagong, her anxiety increased. What had happened? Did he meet with an accident? Did the ship sink? Anne placed herself into the hands of her God in daily fervent prayer. Still hoping and trusting, she plunged herself into mission-work, instruct-

Exterior of Prison Enclosure

ing a class of Burmese women. Persecution now set in. Hough, the other missionary, was cited by the authorities. It was only through her courageous intervention that he was left unmolested. Next cholera broke out in the hottest season of the year. Added to that there was danger of war between England and Burma. English residents left, but Anne remained at her post. Finally, after nine weary months of anxious waiting, her trust in God was rewarded, and her husband returned to her.

But now Anne's health again began to fail. There was but one thing to do—she must return to America for medical treatment. For two years she had to be separated from her beloved husband, leaving him in a strange land. On her arrival in England she was received with high honors; in America, multitudes came to greet and to acclaim her. But her health was so much impaired that she could stay at home but six weeks of the two years; the rest of the time she was under the care of a physician in Baltimore and at work. She wrote a book on the American Baptist Mission in Burma. When that task was completed, she returned to her husband and

was reunited with him after two years and three months. Meanwhile Judson had completed his translation of the New Testament into Burmese.

Not long after the Judsons had celebrated their happy reunion, there came to them the severest trial of their missionary career. And it was Anne Judson again that played the part of a true heroine. There was war between the British and the Burmese. The British had already taken Rangoon. Judson and his faithful spouse were in their mission-house on June 8, 1824, when swarthy men of Burma entered and took the missionary captive, binding him with ropes and dragging him away to prison. Here he spent many months under the most loathsome circumstances, fettered with ball and chain during the day, his feet and those of a hundred other fellow-prisoners tied to a bamboo pole at night and raised from the ground so that only their shoulders touched the floor. What unspeakable agony, what mental torment, Anne Judson endured when she was prevented from following her husband! As soon as possible she took a bribe to the governor (\$100) and received permission to see her husband in the prison. Day after day for more than six months she walked those two miles from her home to the prison, bringing food to the poor captives. Her overtures to the officials succeeded in making the prisoner's lot a trifle lighter.

Then came the time that Anne Judson remained away. The Lord sent her a little daughter. Little Maria was born January 26, 1825. As soon as she was able to do so, the mother took her infant to the imprisoned father, who was so moved with joy and gratitude that he even wrote a poem to the baby. In the courtyard of the prison was a lion-cage. When the lion died, Judson was permitted to move into his quarters, a vast improvement over the dungeon in which the missionary had been compelled to live up to that time. Another seven weary and anxious months elapsed, and still Anne was forced to make her daily pilgrimage to the place where her beloved Adoniram was pining away in bondage.

Then came a sudden change. The prisoners were removed, no one knew whither. Frantically Anne Judson made inquiries, until

she finally heard that they had been taken to Oung-pen-la. Nothing could keep her from following her husband. Six more months of untold suffering, of bitter anguish, were to come. In Oung-pen-la little Maria contracted the smallpox. Her mother was taken down with the same disease. There was no milk to be had for the infant.

Missionary Judson in Prison

But the Lord provided means to sustain her life, and the little family was grateful for the fact that the father could spend some time each day in the company of his loved ones.

Finally, after nineteen months of barbaric captivity, Judson was released and served as interpreter and translator. While Judson was busy in this capacity, his devoted wife lay critically ill with the spotted fever. Men despaired of her life. But she rallied. When orders came that Judson be returned to Oung-pen-la, it was due to Anne, who left her sick-bed, as it were, to plead with the authorities, that the orders were repealed. With the end of the war, peace returned also for the Judsons.

In July, 1826, they removed to Amherst. Judson was cited by a British official to negotiate a treaty. He found it imperative for

the future welfare of his mission that he heeded the call. He was gone several months, during which time Anne supervised the construction of their little hut. But exhausted from the serious attacks of illness and from the horrible physical and mental suffering during those trying months of her husband's captivity, her strength gave way. She contracted a fever that ended her life before her husband's return. In this strange place, surrounded by strangers, she breathed her last with firm trust in her Savior. "I commend myself and my motherless child to your sympathy and prayers," wrote a broken-hearted, lonely husband on his return to Amherst. A little mound under the hopia-tree marked the spot where his faithful helpmeet lay buried, awaiting the resurrection morn. And so it had come true what Adoniram had written January 1, 1812. He could say to her, as it were: —

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned.

All that was left him was little Maria. And six months later she, too, passed away. Adoniram Judson had to write to America: "Together they rest in hope under the hopia-tree which stands at the head of the graves . . . Thus I am left alone in the world."

II

Sarah Hall Boardman Judson

For eight long years Judson remained a widower. He plunged himself into his work without regard to his personal comfort, after his beloved Anne had been called to her reward. But he was sad and lonely, very lonely. However, in 1834 the Lord brought him together with another wonderful woman who was to be a source of inspiration and strength to this man of God for eleven years. In that year he married Mrs. Sarah Hall Boardman, a widow.

Sarah Hall was born at Alstead, New Hampshire, Nov. 4, 1803, the oldest of thirteen children. Her parents were Ralph and Abiah Hall. While still a child her parents removed to Salem. Sarah Hall

George Dana Boardman Monument
at Tavoy, Burma

was described by her friends as having "faultless features, moulded on the Grecian model, beautifully transparent skin, warm, meek, blue eyes, and soft hair, brown in the shadow and gold in the sun." It stands to reason that the oldest child—and a girl—of a large family that was not blessed with earthly riches, had to do more

than her share of work in the house, assisting in every possible manner an overburdened mother. Small wonder that time and again she had to write into her child's diary the notation that on account of work at home she had to miss school for a semester. And yet she was highly intelligent, with a thirst for knowledge that was most unusual. Improvement, intellectual improvement was at this time her great aim, apart from the performance of her duties during the day. She welcomed an opportunity to teach in a school chiefly because it held the prospect of increasing her own knowledge. Sarah was not satisfied with having mastered the three R's, for we find her reading books on philosophy, rhetoric, logic, and studying Latin and Geometry. However, she was not only highly intelligent, but also deeply spiritual.

Her love for God's Word, her keen sense of her own sinfulness, her child-like trust in the grace and mercy of a forgiving God, her fervent love for Jesus, her Savior, mark her, at seventeen, as an extraordinary and most promising young woman. Few girls of her age today would be found writing what she wrote on June 4, 1820, "I have this day, in the presence of the world, the holy angels, and the omniscient God publicly manifested my determination to forsake the objects of earth, and to live henceforth for Heaven. O my Savior, I am weak and the heart of man is deceitful, but I do hope in Thy mercy. Thou didst die even for the chief of sinners, and I know that Thou wilt pardon all who come to Thee believing. Take me, dear Savior, all sinful and unworthy as I am, do with me what Thou wilt, but oh, preserve me from wounding Thy precious cause." To a girl friend she suggested, in a letter, that she select a difficult passage from the Bible, and send it to her (Sarah) for explanation. She would do the same for her friend. "It will make us better acquainted with the Word of God." She was filled with missionary zeal, as is evidenced from expressions, such as these: "How can I be inactive, when I know that thousands are perishing?" "Oh, that I could suffer privations, hardships, and discouragements, and even find a watery grave for the sake of bringing the news of salvation to the poor heathen."

From early childhood she wrote poems that reveal rare beauty and unusual ability. "With opportunities to ripen and improve, she would have been surpassed by few female poets in the world. She laid no common offering on the altar of her God, when she breathed her petition: 'Here I am, send me.'" She preferred to put Bible scenes into verse. Thus on the death of Saul and Jonathan she writes in one stanza, as follows:

Ye daughters of music encircle the dead,
And chant the funereal song,
Thy beauty, the glory of Israel have fled,
And low in the dust lie the strong.

It was her poetry that was to bring her together with her future husband and cause her to follow him into the mission fields of Burma. For when Colman, a young and promising co-worker of Judson, died after two years of blessed labors, a martyr to his missionary zeal, a voice from his grave seemed to call the young student of theology George Dana Boardman. It touched the youthful Sarah Hall, and inspired an elegy on the Death of Colman, one stanza of which reads:

The spirit of love from on high,
The hearts of the righteous have fired,
Lo, they come and with transport they cry,
We will go where our brother expired.

This elegy found its way to Boardman. The two met, and "their spirit, their hope, their inspiration were the same." She was willing to go with her beloved to the distant heathen land as reinforcements for the mission. 'Twas no easy task for this young girl to leave home and friends for an unknown wilderness. She had met the first Mrs. Judson while the latter was in America on account of her health, and found out what sacrifices were demanded of her as a missionary's wife. She received no encouragement at all from those she loved most. When leaving, she asked her father, "Father, say that

you are willing that I go." Reluctantly he answered, "Yes, I am willing." All she was able to induce her mother to say was, "I hope I am willing." And so Sarah Hall Boardman left for the Orient.

Her husband was destined to become one of the most brilliant, most successful, and most loyal helpers in the Burmese mission of Adoniram Judson. The young missionary and his wife were in Amherst in April, 1827, and Boardman himself made the coffin in which to lay little Maria Judson, the motherless babe, to rest. Thence they removed to Maulmain. Their mission house was close to a jungle, the haunt of wild beasts whose howlings penetrated the stillness of the night, foreboding no good. Just across the river was the Burman province of Martaban, infested with robbers who plied their trade with impunity. Thus danger threatened the Boardmans from two sides; but dangers were disregarded. They must stay, that they might better serve the Burmese people. Here Sarah applied herself assiduously to the task of learning the language. A month after their arrival she wrote: "We are in excellent health, and as happy as it is possible to be upon the earth. It is our earnest desire to live, labor, and die among this people." What mattered it that one night their home was ransacked; blood-thirsty, dark-skinned natives had stood guard with drawn sword, while companions searched for valuables. A move, a stir of infant or parents, would have meant certain death. What mattered sickness, a frail body for the missionary's wife, a delicate child, a husband in ill health, two bereavements, when they were compelled to give up loving infants! What mattered all this, so long as they could continue to preach the Gospel to dying souls. Especially at Tavoy, whither they removed in 1828, the Boardmans were to do wonderful work among the Karens, a people who were ready to receive the Gospel, when it was brought to them. Here Mrs. Boardman was to experience much of the joy of a successful missionary, also the sorrow of believers whose health is often affected. Three children God gave them, two He soon called home, only one, George Dana, Jr., remained. The mother repeatedly took sick with a serious intestinal disorder, her child was ill, her husband pale and weak.

A Karen mother and her baby

He had caught a lung affection, brought on by exposure, by sufferings during a rebellion, by walks of twenty miles and more a day in the performance of his duties to teach and preach, and by unwholesome food, and cold, damp lodging at night. While she was enduring all this grief, she wrote: "Oh, how little have I to attach me to this wicked world." In the last months of Boardman's life—he was fast losing his strength—fifty-seven Karens were baptized. While still actively engaged in the work, death claimed this faithful servant of the Lord, in the month of January, 1831.

After Boardman's death the question was: What was she to do? Return home or remain in the work? She decided to stay and to

continue to serve these benighted people. At first she conducted government schools. She was on duty from early in the morning until late at night. There were three flourishing churches with two hundred members. She had also organized a society of women Christians. Now she also began to study the Peguan language, while she continued to instruct women and inquirers. Her zeal, her untiring interest in her work must be commended by everyone, especially when we consider that she was living in a climate that was far from ideal for a frail American woman.

Is it surprising that Adoniram Judson, who had known this marvelous woman for years, who had seen her work in his mission at the side of her late husband and alone, asked Mrs. Boardman to become his wife! In 1834 he had accomplished that great task of completing his translation of the Bible into Burmese, a monumental achievement and one that paved the way for missionaries to that heathen land. To this very day the fruits of his labors are enjoyed by missionaries and native Christians alike. When in April, 1834, Judson and Mrs. Boardman were united in the bonds of holy matrimony, life again assumed a brighter aspect for both, especially also for the unselfish, self-sacrificing Judson, as he continued to work at the side of one so thoroughly in sympathy with his great task and so eminently qualified to be his helpmeet. Her little George brought sunshine into the home and cheered their hearts. But the first great sorrow and sacrifice that was asked of the two happy missionaries was to part with George, who had to be sent to America at an early age to avoid the dangers of the eastern climate.

Blessed work was done by the two Judsons at Maulmain, whither they had gone, Mrs. Judson continued translating parts of Scripture, Pilgrim's Progress, tracts by her husband into the language of the people among whom they were laboring. While she attended to these important matters, she also provided for the children God gave them—there were eight in ten years! Nor were their days without crosses and trials. Tribulations and trials came in rapid succession. Once the children were ill; then her health broke down;

then Judson lost his voice; for several years they had to be at Serampur on account of their little Henry. After a stormy voyage they finally returned to Burma in 1849 only to find Judson still unable to preach. So he labored on the compilation of a Burmese dictionary. Soon the mother was again stricken with her old malady, and was not expected to live. There was only one thing to do, if her life was to be spared and health regained; to go to America. Three of the six children were left in Burma, three were taken along.

That trip to America was to be her last, but it was to show her in all the loveliness of her unselfish missionary spirit. When in the harbor of the Isle of France, her condition improved so much for the moment that she could see no reason why she could not go on alone. Not that she did not prize highly her husband's company. But she thought of poor, perishing Burma, and the least she could do was to bring the sacrifice of sending her husband back. He was willing to return, she was willing to travel on alone. She wrote a poem for the occasion that has a peculiar charm on account of the subsequent history. A number of stanzas read:

We part on this green isle, Love,
Thou for the eastern main,
I for the setting sun, Love,
Oh, when to meet again?

My heart is sad for thee, Love,
For lone thy way will be,
And oft thy tears will fall, Love,
For thy children and for me.

Then, gird thy armor on, Love,
Nor faint thou by the way,
Till Boodh* shall fall, and Burma's sons
Shall own Messiah's sway.

* Buddha

Her improvement, however, was only temporary. Soon she grew worse. Judson could not carry out his plan of returning to Burma. Shortly after, she breathed her last, happy in the prospect of soon seeing the Savior in His glory. On the island of St. Helena, where Napoleon had once been held captive, she was buried September 1, 1845. Thus ended the brilliant career of an ardent worker in the Lord's vineyard. She died at the age of forty-three years, leaving a sorrowing husband and six children. About her burial on St. Helena H. S. Washburn writes:

Mournfully, tenderly,
Bear onward the dead,
Where the Warrior has lain,
Let the Christian be laid.
No place more befitting,
Oh, Rock of the sea!
Never such treasure
Was hidden in thee.

So have ye buried her,
Up, and depart
To life and to duty
With undismayed heart.
Fear not; for the love
Of the stranger will keep
The casket that lies
In the Rock of the deep.

Peace, peace to thy bosom,
Thou servant of God!
The vale thou art treading
Thou hast before trod.
Precious dust thou hast laid
By the Hopia tree,
And treasure as precious
In the Rock of the Sea.

Emily Chubbuck Judson

Adoniram Judson was a man of exceptional endowments, a hero of the faith, to whom missionaries of all times may look for inspiration. He had been twice married, each time to a woman of outstanding ability, eminently qualified to be a help-meet to the pioneer missionary in Burma. And even after his beloved Sarah had been laid to rest on St. Helena he was not to remain a widower long. God permitted him to be joined in marriage to Miss Emily Chubbuck, a fine woman and a noble successor to Ann and Sarah. Let the facts of history bear out this testimony to the worth of the third Mrs. Judson.

Emily Chubbuck was born Aug. 22, 1817, the fifth child of Charles Chubbuck and Lavinia Richards, who then resided at Eaton, New York. Her parents were poor, but reputable people. At an early age little Emily showed remarkable faith and love of God. As a child she had a longing for heaven, to be with Christ. Her sister once remarked of her, "That child's talk is wonderful. I believe if there is a Christian in the world, she is one." Her parents were so poor that the little girl, though never robust, had to work in a woolen factory at eleven years of age. She would earn one dollar and twenty-five cents per week for twelve hours a day. At this time it was that she chanced across the Baptist Register, and her eyes fell on the words, "Little Maria lies by the side of her fond mother", from the report of the death of his little daughter by Adoniram Judson. She felt sorry for lonely Judson and determined some day to be a missionary. She now read the Bible more and novels less. Though she did not continue indefinitely in the factory, her life was not less strenuous, when the family took a maid and admitted a great number of boarders into the house. True, Emily now could return to school, but she did it at a price few would care to pay today. What girl of fifteen would arise at two on Mondays, do the washing for the family and boarders before nine, and then run off to school? Thursday evenings she ironed, Saturdays she baked, and in the time that was left outside of school she sewed.

Small wonder that she seldom got any rest until one or two o'clock. Under such a strain the health of a strong person had to break down let alone a delicate maiden's.

At seventeen she was baptized, and consecrated her life to the service of her Savior. She had received Christian training, pious parents and sisters had watched over her life and walk. Still she finds occasion at this time to write to an intimate friend, "Hitherto I have lived for myself, and now I mean to live for God." Her desire to bring the Gospel to the heathen still was quite strong. "Ever since I read the memoir of Mrs. Ann H. Judson when I was a small child, I have felt that I must become a missionary. I fear it is but a childish fancy, and am making every effort to banish it from my mind; yet the more I seek to divert my thoughts from it, the more unhappy I am," she said to a companion. She gave evidence of her faith in Jesus by her Christian conduct. As early as fifteen years of age found her teaching a country school at seventy-five cents a week and board. This "munificent" salary gradually increased until she received three dollars a week and board. Her father had made a failure of farming; his belongings were sold at public auction, and Emily was called upon to assist, even more than before, in providing for the family. All this while she divided her time between teaching, studying, and writing, without, however, losing sight of her plan to become a missionary. She wielded a facile pen, writing both prose and poetry of considerable merit. She wrote much and contributed freely to village journals.

Then came a welcome opportunity for her to enter the Utica Female Seminary with the provision that she pay her expenses after her graduation. She soon proved her unusual ability, and by her sweet disposition and her thirst for knowledge won the confidence and the friendship of the Misses Sheldon, one being the principal, the other having charge of the executive and financial departments. Encouraged by these sisters Emily wrote much for the press, her articles being published anonymously, or under an assumed name. But gradually she laid aside her diffidence and published "Charles Linn" a book for children. The following April

she was appointed assistant instructor in the department of English and composition. Needless to say, she was successful in this capacity, for "as a writer she had distinguished herself by both the easy elegance of her prose style, and her graceful facility in versification."

Emily C. Judson

After a trip to New York in June, 1844 she wrote the editor of the Evening Mirror, asking for an opportunity to contribute to its columns. Her request was granted, and now Fanny Forester (this was her pen-name) at once arose on the literary horizon a star of unusual brilliancy. Her friendship with N. P. Willis, the editor of the paper, was to be invaluable to her in her literary career. It can be said of her that she awoke one morning and found herself famous. Her name was echoed throughout the country ere she

knew. Publishers of magazines sought her literary contributions. That same year she contracted with Graham, the leading journal of its class, at five dollars a page. Her contributions appeared in the New Mirror, Graham, and Columbian. It was more than empty flattery, when N. P. Willis wrote her: "You are more readable than any female writer in this country."

But her Fanny Forester career was to last only eighteen months. It was interrupted by work at school, and by repeated and prolonged illness. In spite of these seeming hindrances, she accomplished much in that short space of time. Her style was fresh and racy; it displayed spirit and vivacity. Before her lay an enviable literary career. Then she met Adoniram Judson in Philadelphia in December, 1845, while she was spending the winter in the city on account of her health. She was a guest in the home of Dr. Gillette, a clergyman, who had met Judson in Boston and had brought him along to Philadelphia. While enroute to the latter city, Judson had examined Fanny Forester's book "Trippings", written with great beauty and power, and had said that such talents should be more worthily employed. He was seeking a biographer to write the memoirs of his beloved Sarah. What was more natural than that he should ask this gifted authoress in Dr. Gillette's home? The discussion of the subject threw the two together the next days. They became mutually interested, and Judson soon "conceived the idea of her not only writing the life but taking the place of the sainted deceased." It was no easy matter for Emily Chubbuck to decide whether to accept or to reject his proposal. "Never before, probably, had life looked so bright; never had a career of honorable and not unsuccessful distinction shaped itself into so definite certainty." Was she to leave her parents, for whom she had bought a little home that was not as yet free from debt? Was she to quench her literary fame in the night of heathenism? She accepted, and on Jan. 23, 1846 they became engaged. "I have not taken this step without a great, great deal of thought, and I would not take it but that I believe the blessing of God is in it," was her statement. There was much criticism on the part of Judson's and her friends. However, they loved each

other sincerely, made all the necessary preparations and were married June 2, 1846 by the same pastor who had once told Emily, when she asked about choosing a missionary career, to await the opening of providence. This opening had now come. She wanted to serve this man of God in his work in Burma, wanted to mother his six orphans, and do her share towards winning the heathen.

It was twenty weeks exactly after they had left America that they landed at Amherst. She immediately assumed her duties, as much as her health would permit, and became very much attached to the children.

"I love the dear children that a saint in heaven has left me. I love them, and I pray to God to help me train them up in His fear and love." It was no small task, in a strange country, to take care of teething babies, teaching darkies to darn stockings, and instructing them otherwise, but she displayed youthful enthusiasm for her new work. Her husband was bent on completing the Burmese dictionary. With rare ease she soon learned well the language of Burma and could assist her husband in his work. They removed to Maulmain, where they left their valuables, when the opportunity came to proceed to Rangoon. Here they had to live in a "Bat Castle" a building infested with bats and vermin of all kinds. Sickness laid them low for a time, with no medical aid available.

The vice-governor of Rangoon is described by Judson as being the most ferocious and blood-thirsty monster he had ever known in Burma, which was saying much. Mrs. Judson wrote at the time, "We are hunted down like wild beasts, watched by the government, and plotted against by Catholic priests." Their sufferings were very severe at times. Once they were served rats for dinner without their knowledge. While at Rangoon the news reached them that the house in Maulmain in which they had stored their belongings had been destroyed by fire and all their goods were lost. One must remember that they could not be replaced in Burma and were invaluable to the Judson's.

But Mr. Judson wrote concerning this:

Blessed be God for all,
For all things here below,
For every loss and every cross
To my advantage grow.

They soon returned to Maulmain by order of the mission board.

Crosses and trials were not spared them during the short period of their married life. Indeed, in December 1847 little Emily Frances was born, much to their joy, especially of the mother who was inspired to write a beautiful poem, entitled, *My Bird*. Ere the child was two years old it fell critically ill. Then alarming symptoms were noticed in Mrs. Judson, causing her husband to despair of her life. For five months she could hardly speak. A trip to Tavoy, down the coast, brought some relief, when the final illness of Judson began that was to prove fatal to him. And still she could write: "We cannot be unhappy while we lie in the hands of God like little children. Dangers will not be dangers and suffering will be a joy." But now the greatest test of her faith was to come. In November, 1849 Judson was attacked by a violent cold, followed by dysentery, prostrating him for six weeks. In February, 1850 an extended sea voyage was pronounced by physicians as the only thing that promised relief. He objected, since it was impossible to take his wife along, and he held out as long as it was possible. But in April it was apparent that the only hope to save his life, and it was a faint hope, lay in that ocean voyage. He was carried on board the French bark *Aristide Marie*, bound for the Isle of Bourbon. It would take three months at least until she would hear the news whether or not her husband lived. What heart-rending grief to part from one she loved so well under such circumstances. "I don't know whether my precious husband is still living or whether he is already gone to heaven. I shall not know for three or four months to come," she writes April 15, 1850. A week later her second child

Mrs. Emily C. Judson and her family

is born, Charles, only to be taken from her again that same day, much to her disappointment. What thoughts filled her soul during the following months can only be imagined. The suspense must have been trying. At length, about August 28, the dreaded tidings came. On April 12, 1850 her husband had breathed his last amid unspeakable agonies. He was buried at sea. "He could not have a more fitting monument than the blue waves which visit every coast, for his warm sympathies went forth to the ends of the earth and included the whole family of men," wrote his widow.

The rest of her life-story is soon told. Emily Judson did not lose faith in her God. "The Father of the fatherless and the widow's God will go with me now, and I shall not be afraid." Her health and the welfare of her children demanded that she return to America.

And so in January, 1851, with aching heart and tearful eye she bade farewell, to Maulmain, the scene of her happiest and saddest hours. Early in October 1851 she set foot on American soil. Her health was slowly breaking down. She assisted in collecting material for the memoirs of her sainted husband. The following June she purchased a house in Hamilton and commenced housekeeping. She still was unable to sit up all day. In her physical weakness she supervised the training of her children with rare skill, bringing them up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. As much as she was able, she continued her literary efforts, publishing a book, entitled, "The Kathayan Slave and Other Papers Connected with Missionary Life." In this book there is found a touching appeal to assist in missionary work and to send forth more laborers into the vineyard. It reads thus:

THE WAN REAPERS

I came from a land where a beautiful light
Is slow creeping o'er hill-top and vale;
Where broad is the field, and the harvest is white,
But the reapers are haggard and pale.

All wasted and worn with their wearisome toil,
Still they pause not—that brave little band;
Though soon their low pillows must be the strange soil
Of that distant and grave-dotted strand.

For dangers uncounted are clustering there,—
The pestilence stalks uncontrolled;
Strange poisons are borne on the soft, languid air,
And lurk in each leaf's fragrant fold.

There the rose never blooms on fair woman's wan cheek,
But there's beautiful light in her eye;

And the smile that she wears is so loving and meek,
None can doubt it comes down from the sky.

There the strong man is bowed in his youth's golden prime,
But he cheerily sings at his toil,
For he thinks of his sheaves and the garnering time
Of the glorious Lord of the soil.

And ever they turn—that brave, wan, little band—
A long, wistful gaze on the West:—
'Do they come—do they come from that dear, distant land,
That land of the lovely and blest?

'Do they come—do they come?—Oh, we're feeble and wan,
And we're passing like shadows away;
But the harvest is white,—and lo! yonder the dawn!
For laborers—for laborers we pray!'

But tuberculosis was slowly consuming her strength. She suffered much toward the end. And yet, when her sister expressed the wish that she might bear some of her pain, Emily answered, "No, I have not one pain to spare. I feel sure that God will never send a pain that I do not really need to fit me for the rest I hope to enjoy in heaven." June 1, 1854, the day preceding the anniversary of her marriage, she passed into the fadeless bloom of the Heavenly Paradise, and in her robe of spotless white joins the train of the Heavenly Bridegroom."

My vision fades behind me,
My weary heart speeds home.

She was buried in the cemetery at Hamilton, N. Y. Until that day shall come when every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, Christian hearts will not

cease to draw inspiration from the memory of those who found their last resting place under the hopia tree at Amherst, on the rocky shore of St. Helena, beneath the waves of the Indian Ocean, and in the quiet cemetery of Hamilton, where the simple headstone, erected by parents and sisters, bears the legend Dear Emily.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION LIBRARIES

3 9088 01349 9959